

"VIRTUE"

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 2005 - 8:00 PM
TOWN HALL SEATTLE

ORCHESTRA SEATTLE
SEATTLE CHAMBER SINGERS
George Shangrow, Conductor

PROGRAM

Giovanni Pierluigi da PALESTRINA (ca. 1525 - 1594)
Sicut Cervus
My Heart Seemed as Though Dying

Johannes BRAHMS (1833 - 1897)
Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen, Op. 74, No. 1

Kia SAMS (1945*)
Signs on Edmonds Marina Beach: Marine Mammals
The Pacific Ocean is 135 Miles from Here
The Darkest, Wettest Winter in History

Claude LE JEUNE (1528 - 1600)
Si Dessus Voz Levres de Roses

Giovanni Gabrieli (1557 - 1612)
Jubilate Deo

Kia SAMS (1945*)
The Crush of Night
An die Musik
Before Winter
Proposal
Hand me down my silver Trumpet

- Intermission -

FREDERICK HANDEL (1685-1759)
Ode for St. Cecilia's Day

Julie Finch soprano
David Shockey tenor

Please disconnect signal watches, pagers and cellular telephones. Thank you.
Use of cameras and recording equipment is not permitted in the concert hall.

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SOLOISTS

Soprano Julie Finch has appeared as a soloist with Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers, the Bellevue Chamber Singers and Ballet Bellevue, the Seattle Mandolin Orchestra, and has been heard live on Classic KING-FM radio. In 2002 she played *Pristine* in a summer stock production of *The Pinch Penny Phantom of the Opera* for the Merc Playhouse in Twisp. Ms. Finch is also a frequent recitalist throughout the Pacific Northwest. She has been selected as a participant of various intensive vocal study programs including "Songfest" with Martin Katz, Bel Canto Northwest Institute, and the Vancouver Early Music Vocal Programme in Canada, with renowned early music soprano Ellen Hargis. She is a past winner of the Seattle Civic Opera Association competition, the Helen Crowe Snelling competition, the Mary Levine Career Grant Scholarship and has appeared on the Ladies' Musical Club of Seattle awards debut tour. This past July, Ms. Finch was a national Semifinalist in the National Association of Teachers of Singers Artist Award (NATSAA) competition held in New Orleans, where she received the Karl Trump Award. Ms. Finch studies in Seattle with Marianne Weltmann and Geoffrey Boers.

Shockey, David. Associate Professor of Music. B.S., M.Ed., Roberts Wesleyan College, 1974; M.M., Eastman School of Music, 1980; D.M.A., Ohio State University, 1991. At SPU since 2002.

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Texts

In concert order:

Giovanni Pierluigi da PALESTRINA (ca. 1525 - 1594)

Sicut Cervus

Sicut cervus desiderat ad fontis aquarum,
Ita desiderat anima mea ad te Deus.

Like as the hart desireth the waterbrook,
So longeth my soul after Thee, O God.

My Heart Seemed as Though Dying

Mori quasi il mio core,
Quando la Bianca mano mi diede
Ahimé pian piano
Fior, ch'invece d'odor spirava ardore
Or' s'un bel fior m'ha quasi il cor distrutto
Che faria il dolce frutto.

My heart seemed as though dying,
When I thy white hand was holding
Ah me, quietly
No perfume it gave, but breathed love's sighing
By this fair flower my heart is nigh destroyed
Ere the fruit is enjoyed.

Johannes BRAHMS (1833 - 1897)

Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen, Op. 74, No. 1

Job 3:20-23.

20. Warum gibt er dem Mühseligen Licht
und Leben den Verbitterten

20. "Why is light given to him that is
in misery, and life to the bitter in soul,

21. - [denen], die auf den Tod warten,
und er ist nicht da, und die nach ihm
graben mehr als nach verborgenen Schätzen,

21. who long for death, but it comes
not, and dig for it more than for hid
treasures;

22. die sich bis zum Jubel freuen
würden, Wonne hätten, wenn sie das Grab fänden -,

22. who rejoice exceedingly, and are
glad, when they find the grave?

23. dem Mann, dem sein Weg verborgen
ist und den Gott von allen Seiten
eingeschlossen hat?

23. Why is light given to a man whose
way is hid, whom God has hedged in?

Lamentations of Jeremiah 3:41.

Lasset uns unser Herz samt den Händen aufheben zu Gott im Himmel.

41. Laßt uns unser Herz samt den
Händen erheben zu Gott im Himmel!

41. Let us lift up our hearts and
hands to God in heaven:

James 5:11.

Siehe, wir preisen selig, die erduldet haben.
Die Geduld Hiob habt ihr gehöret, und das Ende des Herrn habt ihr
gesehen; denn der Herr ist barmherzig und ein Erbarmen.

11. Siehe, wir preisen die glücklich,
die ausgeharrt haben. Vom Ausharren
Hiobs habt ihr gehört, und das Ende
[des] Herrn habt ihr gesehen, daß der
Herr voll innigen Mitgefühls und barmherzig ist.

11. Behold, we count them happy which
endure. Ye have heard of the patience
of Job, and have seen the end of the
Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful,
and of tender mercy.

Martin Luther

Mit Fried und Freud ich fahr dahin,
in Gottes Willen,
getrost ist mir mein Herz und Sinn,
sanft und stille.
Wie Gott mir verheißten hat,
der Tod ist mir Schlaf worden.

In peace and joy I now depart
At God's disposing;
For full of comfort is my heart,
Soft reposing.
So the Lord hath promised me,
And death is but a slumber.

Kia SAMS (1945*)

Signs on Edmonds Marina Beach: Marine Mammals
Warning! Marine Mammals are protected by Federal Laws!
Please Do Not Disturb Marine Mammals.
 Observe them from a safe distance and keep Pets on a leash.
 Marine Mammals are wild animals and can be dangerous!
 It is against the law to Feed, Harass, Hunt, Capture or Kill Marine Mammals!
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 That has the Potential to Injure or Disturb a Marine Mammal.
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 under the Marine Mammal Protection Act.
 No Dogs allowed in Marina Beach Park
 No wheel sports on Public Walkways,
 No Trespassing on Breakwater.
 Do not Jump or Dive off Bridge.
 No fires on Beach.

The Darkest, Wettest Winter in History
 The darkest, wettest winter in History.
 One splat of sunlight on the whitecaps of the Sound,
 One splat of sunlight the only one of the entire day,
 parceled through a window in the clouds,
 One splat of sunlight delivered brilliance directly to my eyes
 which in response fueled a chemical reaction throughout my body
 like a shot of sugar to my blood causing a surge in my arteries
 and a blast of oxygen to my brain and my heart beat faster
 with heaves of breath that moved my hand
 to pick up this pen and write.
 The exact amount of time it took me to write this
 is the exact amount of time the sunbeam lasted.

- Carol Levin

The Pacific Ocean is 135 Miles from Here
 The Pacific Ocean is one hundred thirty-five miles from here.
 Without doubt Puget Sound is the Pacific Ocean caught in a pen.
 Without doubt it is salt water, smells of sea grit.
 But the Sound forgets days and nights rollicking between continents,
 But the Puget Sound forgets how to thunder,
 how to roll its waves, how to vacuum the shore with undertow,
 how to throb lunar agitation.
 Even when trenching a wake it doesn't remember how to ocean.
 Without doubt, here, the Sound seldom fluffs a froth.
 Tonight just outside my window,
 it undulates silky as a Persian cat. Ah!

- Carol Levin

Claude LE JEUNE (1528 - 1600)

Si Dessus Voz Levres de Roses
 Si dessus voz levres de roses,
 Je voy mes liesses discloses,
 Mon esprit, ma vie, et mon bien,
 Vous ne pouvez me les defender
 Par tout le mien je puis reprendre:
 Il faut que chacun ayt le sien.

When I gaze on thy lips of roses,
 My heart its great delight discloses,
 My spirit (soul), my life, my fair,
 You cannot defend me (against your lips)
 Because all that is mine I must retake:
 It must be that each one has his own.

Giovanni Gabrieli (1557 - 1612)

Jubilate Deo
 Jubilate Deo omnis terra
 quia sic benedicetur homo
 qui timet Dominum
 Jubilate Deo omnis terra.
 Deus Israel conjugat vos
 et ipse sit vobiscum.
 Mittat vobis auxilium de sancto,
 et de Sion tueatur vos.
 Jubilate Deo omnis terra.
 Benedicat vobis Dominus ex Sion,
 qui fecit caelum et terram.
 Jubilate Deo omnis terra.
 Servite Domino in laetitia.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands,
 for thus shall the man be blessed
 that feareth the Lord.
 O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.
 May the God if Israel unite you
 and himself be with you.
 May he send thee help from the sanctuary,
 and strengthen thee out of Sion.
 O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.
 The Lord that made heaven and earth
 gives thee blessing out of Sion.
 O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.
 Serve the Lord with gladness.

Kia SAMS (1945*)

The Crush of Night

The lonely land sends word to us:
the willow and the graying dawn,
the cold dread, the wintry blast,
the Arch of Darkness newly sown.
They all portend a veiled Mass,
Our only solace from the storm.

Some wounds so deep that Heaven sighs:
The cost too great, the grief too low,
Some ways too dark, the price too high
for Hope to cover us with sky.
Still there's a whisper to the grief
that goes beyond the depths of night,
Speaks comfort to our shaken lives,
Embracing loss with Heaven's sight.

Grand Mystery above all sense,
We yield our battered ways to Grace.
We walk a path we cannot know
and trust that Love will show its face.

- Arthur Mampel

An die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entfloßen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel besserer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

- Franz Schober

Oh sacred art, how oft in hours blighted,
While into life's untamed cycle hurled,
Hast thou my heart to warm love reignited
To transport me into a better world!

So often has a sigh from thy harp drifted,
A chord from thee, holy and full of bliss,
A glimpse of better times from heaven lifted.
Thou sacred art, my thanks to thee for this.

Before Winter

Wait with me a while when the air is cold
and the shadows are longer.
Wait with me through the harsh night,
when the soul is a dark figure and the mood is lonely.
Come at an inconvenient hour,
Come just before you can, when the calendar will not permit,
when your suddenness will sway the balance of things.
But do not come when it suits you;
not when summer moves the beaches,
not when the season is mellow,
for then we shall likely trifle.
Convenience is seldom the right visit,
but we are made real by sacrifice.

- Arthur Mampel

Proposal

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea.
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
but I Love Thee!

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom
but I kiss thee.

Hand me down my silver Trumpet
Well, I never been to Heaven, but I been told,
Hand me down my silver Trumpet, Gabriel,
The gates are made of pearl and the streets are made of gold,
Hand me down my silver Trumpet, Lord...
Well, if religion were a thing that money could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.
Hand me down my silver Trumpet, Lord...
Well, now if you want a silver trumpet like mine,
You better learn to play while you still got time,
Hand me down my silver Trumpet, Lord...

Georg Frideric HANDEL (1685 – 1759)

Ode for St. Cecilia's Day

From harmony, from Heav'nly harmony
 This universal frame began.
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise ye more than dead.
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And music's pow'r obey.
 From harmony, from Heav'nly harmony
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell
 When Jubal struck the corded shell,
 His list'ning brethren stood around
 And wond'ring, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound:
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot music raise and quell

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thund'ring drum
 Cries, hark the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful dame. –

But oh! what art can teach
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their Heav'nly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
 And trees unrooted left their place;
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high'r;
 When to her organ, vocal breath was giv'n,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd
 Mistaking earth for Heav'n.

- John Dryden (1631-1700)

GRAND CHORUS

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the bless'd above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die
 And music shall untune the sky.

Program Notes

BRAHMS: "Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen," Op. 74, No. 1

The great German master of musical craft, Johannes Brahms (1833-1897), is ranked among the finest composers of all time. With their lucidity of structure and lack of dependence on extra-musical images or ideas, and their rich harmonies, passion, and lyricism, Brahms' works combine the finest characteristics of both the Classical and the Romantic styles of musical composition.

Born in Hamburg, Brahms became a resident of Vienna and remained there for some 30 years as a renowned and successful composer of music in almost every genre except opera. He conducted a Viennese musical society and revived many neglected compositions by Bach, Handel, and Mozart; and was widely acquainted with older music, editing music of the Baroque and Classical eras and collecting music manuscripts. The composer succumbed to liver cancer at age 64, having given the world *A German Requiem*, four symphonies, four concertos, and many songs, piano pieces, and chamber works.

The *Two Motets*, Opus 74, were published in 1878 and dedicated to the famous Bach scholar, Phillip Spitta, likely as an acknowledgement of the influence of Bach's music in these pieces. The first motet for mixed voices, *Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen*, is the composer's longest work for unaccompanied chorus. It was composed in 1877 and performed in Vienna in 1878 using music from his unfinished *Missa canonica* of 1856.

For this motet, Brahms selected biblical texts from the third chapters of Job and Lamentations, the fifth chapter of James, and a paraphrase by Martin Luther of the evening canticle, "Lord, now let your servant depart in peace." Their moods move from deep pessimism through patient endurance to calm resignation. The first of the motet's four movements is dark and despondent in its alternation of anguished chordal cries of "Why?" with four-part chromatic counterpoint. In the comforting second movement, six rising vocal lines (divided sopranos and basses) enter in canonic imitation of one another, as hearts and hands are lifted heavenward. The six-voice third movement is in two sections, with the music of the second movement returning in the second section. The motet concludes with a peaceful four-part chorale (a reharmonization of Luther's "*Mit Fried und Freud*") in the minor key of the opening movement, thus bringing to mind the tradition of Bach's funeral motets, and presenting a hopeful response to the mournful canonic theme of the opening movement.

PALESTRINA: "Sicut Cervus" and "My Heart Seemed as Though Dying"

From choirboy to choirmaster at the Basilica of St. Peter, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525?-1594) lived his whole life in Rome, where he wrote a large number of especially beautiful and serene masses, madrigals, and motets. During the latter part of his life,

Palestrina revised music collections to accommodate changes made by the Council of Trent that were intended to purge Roman Catholic chant of the "barbarisms, obscurities, contrarities, and superfluities" which had come into them "as a result of the clumsiness or negligence or even wickedness of the composers, scribes, and printers." His own music successfully achieved the Council's aesthetic goals, as he produced polyphonic choral music (whose individual vocal lines are of equal importance and move independently of one another) in which the texts remained understandable. His church music was characterized by the clarity of its imitative lines in which little use was made of "illustrative" tone-painting of texts or dissonance. It thus provided contemplative "background music" for worship, and came to be considered the ideal that other composers of liturgical music strived to attain.

The calmly flowing 4-voice motet "*Sicut Cervus*," a setting of the opening verses of Psalm 42 probably written around 1580, is a fine example of the way Palestrina's music met the requirements of the Council of Trent. Both this work and the lovely 4-part madrigal, "*My Heart Seemed as Though Dying*," provide examples of the "Palestrina curve," a musical line that is beautifully balanced between rising and falling melodic sections.

GABRIELI: "Jubilate Deo"

The Italian organist, composer, and teacher, Giovanni Gabrieli (1557?-1612) was one of the most celebrated masters of the Venetian School of musical composition. He was significant in the development of the *concertato* style, which emphasized the use of contrasting combinations of voices and instruments.

Gabrieli's music was written almost exclusively for the church. He was an organist at St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice from 1584 until his death, and was the principal composer of ceremonial music for the cathedral. The festive 8-part (SSAATTBB) motet, "*Jubilate Deo*," whose text is derived mostly from various Psalms, appears in the famous 1597 collection, *Sacrae Symphoniae*, for 6 to 16 voices and instruments.

LE JEUNE: "Si Dessus Voz Levres de Roses"

The works of French composer Claude Le Jeune (c.1528-1600) display some of the most striking combinations of "ancient" and "modern" musical ideas in the history of Western music. In his compositions he synthesized a wide range of resources into a style both deep and subtle that marks him as one of the most talented composers of his time.

A major figure in Parisian intellectual circles, Le Jeune was a confirmed Huguenot and a prominent member of the Academy of Antoine de Baif, dedicated to the reform of poetry and music. Henry IV appointed him "master composer" and later "Master of the King's Music," and Le Jeune also enjoyed the patronage of William of Orange and the Duke

of Anjou. His surviving works include many secular chansons (songs) such as "*Si Dessus Voz Levres de Roses*," a vast quantity of Protestant psalm settings, a number of Latin motets, a Magnificat, a mass, and three outstanding instrumental fantasias.

HANDEL: Ode for St. Cecilia's Day

On November 22, 1683, the Musical Society of London held a public celebration to observe St. Cecilia's Day, the day on which the martyrdom of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, had come to be "commemorated yearly by all musicians." This event became the first of a series of annual festivals at which a newly composed ode in praise of music was presented. By 1710, the time of Handel's arrival in London, the festivals were no longer held, but poets and musicians still continued to compose odes to St. Cecilia, and some of the odes produced during the original festival series continued to be revered. Henry Purcell's musical contributions to the festivals of 1683 and 1692 were the most memorable, while two odes written by poet John Dryden in 1687 and 1697 achieved more fame as texts than they did in their original musical settings.

By about 1730, the English public was tiring of the Italian style of opera that had brought Handel fame and fortune, and thereafter he began to introduce English choral works into his London seasons of Italian opera and to produce the English oratorios for which he is best known today. Handel probably desired, by composing a significant work in honor of St. Cecilia, to associate himself with England's most famous artists, Purcell and Dryden, and thus to enhance his growing reputation as a worthy English "national composer." He produced *An Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, his marvelously sensuous and expressive setting of Dryden's 1687 *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, in the nine days between September 15 and 24, 1739, and presented the work for the first time at Lincoln's Inn Fields on St. Cecilia's Day in 1739. Handel was able to work with such great speed by borrowing a considerable amount of musical material from a newly published set of suites for harpsichord by Gottlieb Muffat, one of Germany's most highly respected composers. Thus by creatively adapting Muffat's music to the descriptive needs of the text of a great English poet, Handel was able to join the art of his homeland to that of his adopted country.

In Dryden's ode, which praises and describes the qualities of the various musical instruments (Handel sets the stanzas depicting the attributes of the various instruments with appropriate instrumental solos in colorfully contrasting moods), Cecilia is lauded for her invention of the "sacred organ," but is not otherwise significant. The ode's opening and closing stanzas deal with the birth and death of the universe itself, identifying music as the power that causes both events, and Handel sets the challenging text extolling the glories of music with equally glorious results.

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